

OASES



BY
WILLIAM WALLACE CRAIG

THE BROOK AND FALLEN TREE

BY MRS. JANE CRAIG.

There is a dear and hallowed spot,
In my memory oft 'tis seen,
Where two high hills o'erlook'd a vale,
And a brooklet ran between.

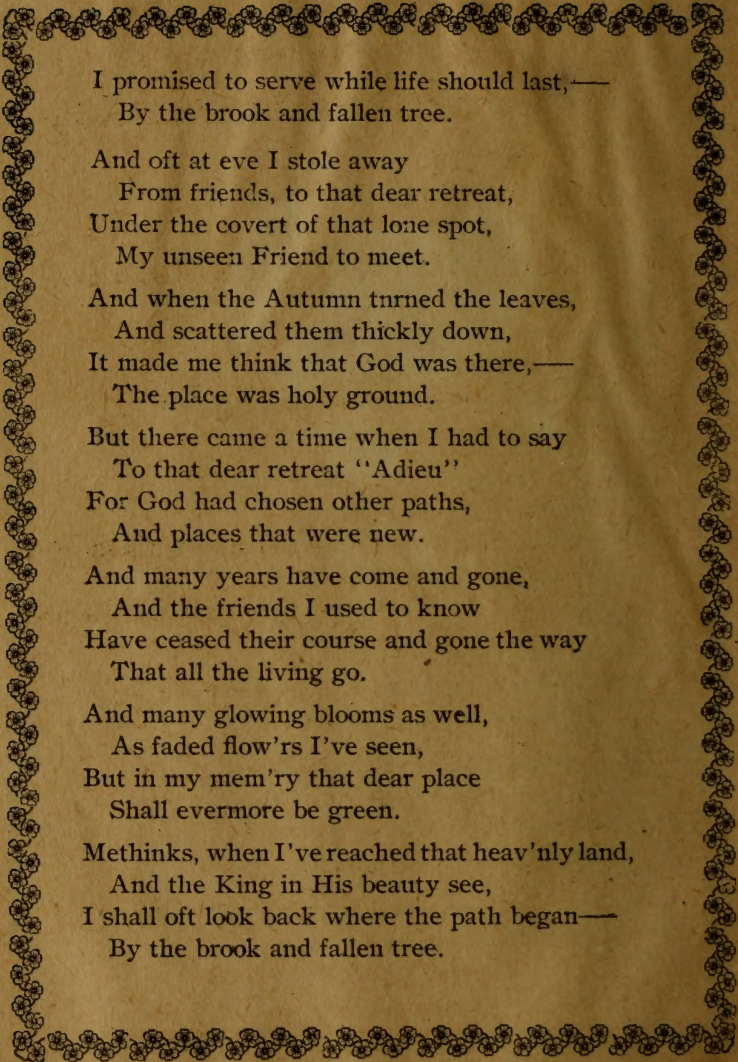
There, fir and birch and maple grew,
And the grass like carpet spread,
And small birds warbled notes of praise
In the branches overhead.

The last gleam of the setting sun
Lingered with sweet array;
The first bright beams through branches green
Peeped in at break of day.

Of all the beauties of that spot
My tongue would fail to say,
But dearer e'en than all the rest,—
'Twas there I used to pray.

A tree had fallen o'er the brook
And served as an altar there,
And often o'er its trunk I poured
My soul to God in prayer.

'Twas there, with eyes upraised to Heav'n,
'Twas there, on bended knee,



I promised to serve while life should last,—
By the brook and fallen tree.

And oft at eve I stole away
From friends, to that dear retreat,
Under the covert of that lone spot,
My unseen Friend to meet.

And when the Autumn turned the leaves,
And scattered them thickly down,
It made me think that God was there,—
The place was holy ground.

But there came a time when I had to say
To that dear retreat "Adieu"
For God had chosen other paths,
And places that were new.

And many years have come and gone,
And the friends I used to know
Have ceased their course and gone the way
That all the living go.

And many glowing blooms as well,
As faded flow'rs I've seen,
But in my mem'ry that dear place
Shall evermore be green.

Methinks, when I've reached that heav'nly land,
And the King in His beauty see,
I shall oft look back where the path began—
By the brook and fallen tree.

OASES

BY

WILLIAM WALLACE CRAIG.

With kindly thought, as to a friend, I pass these
lines to you;
But think not that you, here, can read the poet
through and through.

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PREFACE

THE publishing of this little book has been attended by very many difficulties and trying circumstances.

The passing away of my sister and my father within the last few months has taken away all the pleasure that attended my work on the earlier part of this publication, and has made its completion very difficult.

However, I place the little book in your reach hoping that it will not be long before I will have the pleasure of coming before you in a much larger and more substantial volume.

I am sure that my mother's poem which I have placed on page one, adds greatly to the worth of this little book and will be much appreciated by a great number of readers.

WILLIAM W. CRAIG.

Feb. 12th. 1915

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- OASES -

Tired traveller moving slowly 'mid the pressing caravan,
Wayworn, thirsty, hot and longing for the shelter of
the palm;

Burning sands beneath, and o'er thee shines the bright
disheart'ning ray:

Look, ah, look! God, love, faith, Heaven —
Life's bright green spots in the grey.

SHARING

Ah, yes! if the blossoms that hang on your lawn
Will brighten another, and waken a smile;
If, into some chamber where care, too, has gone,
Their sweet fragrance may comfort and cheer for awhile;
Then give them! ah, yes! for the bloom-time goes by,
Let wide be their circle of cheer ere they die!

Alas! that the thoughts, and the words, and the deeds
That hang in profusion and brighten our lot
We enjoy, but we see not the passer-by's needs:
We cherish their life, but distribute them not:
In the garden of Kindness, by Life's thoroughfare,
We leave, ah! we leave so much we could share.

IF WE COULD UNDERSTAND

If we could know how much of real succeeding
Is buried deep where 'Failure!' marks the place,—
If we but knew how oftentimes receding
Is named 'Advancing', with misleading grace,—
So changed would be our little, shallow, doubting
Conception of this earthly-heavenly race.

If we could see, within the cloud, the bright'ning
Of field and forest 'neath a later ray,
We would not dread so much the short-lived lightning,
Or feel the spirit of the rainy day:
Perhaps we'd grasp a deeper sense of gaining,
Nor mind the windings of the longer way.

If we could, in the beauty all around us,
See the connection between light and shade,
And note, within the scenery that surrounds us,
The lesser beauty, where the shadows fade,
Perhaps we'd see life's artist's truer meaning,
And understand the better what He made.

If we could see, within the seed, the spirit
That throbs within the glowing, spreading bloom,
And in the cold, damp earth would find the merit
That sends life from its cold and hidden gloom,
Perhaps we'd find the substance of real living
Has often come from that cold thing called doom.

Would we but own the fuller, grander gaining
Of blending tones of varying degree,
The universal chord would be less waning,
The trend of God's great working we would see,
And grasp, perhaps, the weakness in our trying
To play in unison His harmony.

If we could see the waiting task all finished,
Hear kind approval in the stern command,
The hardness of the task would be diminished,
We'd grasp our labor with a lighter hand;
And for the cause of Christ, our Lord and master,
A more obedient host would ready stand.

But ah! because of our dull hearts and blindness
Life's questions still unanswered ever burn;
From what in truth is God's far-seeing kindness
His doubting creatures oft rebellious turn;
For deep within our hearts, we must admit it,
These things are often very hard to learn.

CHEERFULNESS

Of all the great things men have sought
Some were worth while, and some were not,
But cheerfulness that wakes a smile,
Decidedly is worth the while.

A GREATER SELF

Sweet moonlight, calm and clear
To break the spell of night,
Though changeful thou art dear,
Bright, though a borrowed light;
But soon thy glory dies,
Not dies but is outdone;
Thy greater self doth rise—
The grand and changeless sun.

Sweet faith, the light that shines
To cheer our darkened way,
Though wavering at times,
Still, when its borrowed day
Fades, yet not fades, its king
Its greater self shall be:
Eternal morn shall bring
Changeless Infinity.

TO THE MORNING STAR

Oh, star of the morning the heavens adorning,
The brightest and fairest to me of thy kind,
My path thou dost brighten, my heart thou dost lighten,
For in thee a sweet touch of beauty I find.

Each morn I behold thee, the charms that enfold thee
Grow blessedly dearer and fairer to view,
Thy light grows not dimmer, but brighter its glimmer
Each morn, as the blessings of God, ever new.

May clouds never hide thee, nor linger beside thee,
To keep from my vision the gem of the skies;
Though darkness be o'er me, if thou art before me
My heart feels a charm not felt otherwise.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING

The spirit of the spring is aglow in everything;
All around the earth is bright with a warmer, softer light;
And the warm wind as it blows, and the brooklet as it flows,
And the spring birds as they sing
Are o'er-flowing with the spirit of the spring.

The spirit of the spring throbs in all the buds that cling
To the branches of the trees moving gently in the breeze,
And the May-flower's tiny face takes the vanished snow-
flake's place,
And the sweet and much-praised thing
In its growing shows the spirit of the spring.

The spirit of the spring sounds in all the bells that ring;
And the earth can not but feel through its bosom new
life steal;
And we, sensitive to such, feel its light inspiring touch,
And our hearts for gladness sing,
And we thank God for the spirit of the spring.

THE TWO SCENES

We stood on the deck and we spoke of the night,
The river so calm, and the moon shining bright,
The earth's robust outline against the blue sky,
A home here and there, and a lighthouse near-by:
I longed for a hand that could faithfully trace
The picture that charmed me with beauty and grace.

We sailed by the place on a day when the sky
Was filled but with storm, and the rain whistled by;
So changed was the scene of a few days before
That we sought not the deck, nor e'en opened the door;
The organ was silent, no sound of the cheer
That had filled many hours, that evening so clear.

And then to my heart this thought quickly came—
"The place has not changed, but we see it through rain;
There's grace on the shore, and there's glory on high,
'Tis the clouds and the rain change the scene to the eye!"
Then let us keep glowing the bright and the sweet;
Life's scenes take their hues from the light that they
meet.

CHANGE THE SUBJECT

When the day is dark and gloomy,
And you cannot see the sun,
When the big world seems so roomy,
And you ask, "Where's every one?"

Just get thinking of the old days—
All the joys without the tears—
Just get gazing o'er the old ways
Till to-day's cloud disappears.

There are mem'ries that would lighten
Heavy burdens for awhile,
There are mem'ries that would brighten
Your sad spirit to a smile,
If you would but cast behind you
All the worries of to-day,
And let memory remind you
That your life was often gay.

And perhaps when you have wandered
Far away from present things,
Though the joys o'er which you pondered
Must again go on their wings,
You will rise, your burdens lightened,
For the journey on life's way;
P'r'aps 'twas foolish— but it brightened
Up some hours of the day.

A MISSION

From the glittering light of joy and hope
I stepped aside, and, listening, heard
The saddened tones of a weary heart,
And I sought to soothe with a cheery word.

With ready hand and a yearning heart,
Gladly I would have dispelled all care;
But I knew that a greater than I must soothe—
So I carried my burden to God in prayer.

And then, with a throb of o'erwhelming joy,
I cried, "Oh, how blessed the mission, and sweet,
That could lure me away from the glitter and light,
And bring me with pleading to Father's feet."

And I knew that life's striving seemed less worth while,
As I thought of the weary pain and care
That my hands might lift, and at Father's feet
I could lay down the burdens I could not bear.

THE TWO SIGNALS

The red light is bright and the white light is clear;
How strange they should be to each other so near;
And over the water this calm peaceful night
The white light shines clear, and the red light shines
bright.
Oh, watch well the signals as o'er life you steer,
For safety and danger are often so near.

MOORFIELD CEMETRY

Ah, spot so solemn to the heart,
So still and lonely e'en the breeze
Seems but to make emotions start,
As muffled-like it onward flees.

The withered look that Autumn gave,
The naked trees of leaves bereft,
The river calm — unmoved by wave,
Seem but to speak of death and rest.

Beneath this hallowed lot of ground
Lie some more than a century dead,
Some names cannot be easily found
Upon the stones that mark their heads.

Here's represented youth and age,
The young and old are 'neath the sod;
From infancy to life's last stage
Man's governed by the laws of God.

What solemn thoughts and of such truth
Come flowing like the wind, as free:
Each one, though in the days of youth,
The plan of life can plainly see.

The tide flows in, and out, and on,
Each time is but another less;
The day dawns bright but soon is gone,
The moments and the hours pass.

Life at its longest is not long,
Its years and seasons past us glide,
To-day we're in its glowing dawn,
But swiftly comes its eventide.

Then comes the time when day is o'er,
Life's last faint ray fades in the west;
The soul must live on evermore,
But 'neath the sod the form shall rest.

Then sleep ye in your spot so lone,
Ye forms that have returned to clay,
Ye who have found the Christian's home,
Where glory fadeth not away.

And we will keep your memory fair,
And sacred hold your resting-place —
Within our hearts a union where
The past and present hold embrace.

LET THEM REST AWHILE

When your head and hands are tired,
And your heart is much the same,
And your spirit seems all fired
With hot discontentment's flame;
When strong barriers surround you,
That your troubled heart would vex,
And before you and around you
Are deep problems that perplex;

Do not, when you're near distracted,
Try to solve what needs clear brains;
Do not, when your heart's contracted,
Figure out Life's loss and gains:
Rest, or, with a touch of nonsense,
Change Life's aspect to a smile;
Things will change in more than one sense,
If you let them rest awhile.

IN DEFENCE OF SPRING POETRY

If the little singing spring-birds
That sang out their songs last spring,
Were to have a lack of wing-words,
And this season did not sing;
If the brooks their old, old story
Hummed not, as so oft before,
If the earth's familiar glory
Was not seen as in the yore;

Strange, ah! strange would be the matter,
And the old world, all unstrung,
Would seek out what had seemed clatter
In the songs that Spring had sung;
And the folk that wish no singing
But of hammer or of wheel,
Or the sound of silver ringing,
Would be grieving o'er the deal.

But, since Nature does her bidding
In awak'ning everywhere,
And, itself of old things ridding
Sends its music in the air,
And, within the old, old thoughts, find
Some new music for to-day,
Man were dull, if he could not find
Some incentive for his lay.

And, amid the anxious pressing
Of the busy, restless throng,
There are some who catch the blessing
Of the Spring-birds' simple song;
There are some who note the glist'ning
Of the brooklet in the Spring,
And, perchance, some hearts are list'ning
To the simple lays we sing.

FAREWELL

We hear the soldier's bugle call,
We hear the tramp of feet;
Commanding voices rise and fall,
And great throngs fill the street;
And here and there is seen a tear,
Though quick the music's swell;
The hour of parting now is near,
The hour of farewell.

And peaceful souls who see the stain
On battle's grand array,

And see more than the field of slain—
Are eager in the fray.
For who sees not the great import,
That years to come may tell,
Nor in our allied great cohort
Finds solace in farewell?

The parting place looms to our sight,
Where fond ones waiting stand,
And in the brilliancy and light
Is held the farewell hand;
Last words are said and fond lips press;
None but those souls can tell
The fullness of a last caress,
The sadness of farewell.

Yet, through the sadness of to-night
There shines a cheering ray—
Our cause is good, God is our might,
With confidence we pray.
A future good through present ill,
The War God's power to quell;
Crush'd must be that impulsive will,
For this we say farewell.

Oh! God! be with them e'er, we pray,
In battle's heat or tramp,
Or when in must'ring for the fray,
A King's shout in the camp;
From evil great or deep design,
That now we may not spell,
Oh! God! protect, the battle's Thine;—
This cheers to-night's farewell.

And strains of music now we hear,
We hope—ah, yes—we pray
That they may catch each soldier's ear
Returning home some day.
'Mid trifling jest, and aching hearts
That ne'er their depths will tell,
We turn away—Oh! how war smarts—
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

MORRISON'S MILL

It stands upon the river's bank,
At the bottom of a hill,
A structure old and time-worn,
It's known as Morrison's Mill.

'Mid winter storms, and summer squalls
It stands there just the same,
In memory of the bygone days—
A mill, though but in name.

For many years have changed the scenes
Where once was bright and gay:
It's dingy now and desolate,
Its brightness passed away.

Its working days have long gone by,
Its brightest hours have fled;
Some of the workmen went abroad,
While others now are dead

The cattle wander round the spot,
And through the old mill roam;
The birds build nests within its walls
And make the mill their home.

And oft in happy summer hours,
When all earth seems in bloom,
I wander round the dim old mill,
And think of its sad doom.

And time goes on and years pass by,
The building stands there still;
But only on the page of time
Is the record of that mill.

CALM

How calm the river is, smooth and serene,
And all so peaceful in the waning day,
Save o'er its face, at times, the ripples run—
All so refreshing 'neath the weak'ning ray.

How grand when life flows on calm and serene,
A steady tide beneath, and sunshine o'er,
But ah, how true to life the lesson is—
The surging waves mark higher on the shore.

AND HE TOOK IT DOWN

— Luke 23; 53.

The morning came, a new day dawned,
And Calvary day was history;
Golgotha's heights were calm and hushed,
Its scenes lived but in memory.

The form of clay, the cross of wood,
were severed then, apart were laid,
Yet, on the morrow's risen Christ,
By wounds, the story was betrayed.

That resurrection long has spread
From land to land, and sea to sea;
But Love still knows the wound prints there,
And LIFE still has a Calvary.

LINES TO A LEAF

And can it be that you, a leaf
That grew and thrived on England's sod,—
That you, so small and frail a thing,
Have crossed the ocean deep and broad?

And did you once your brightness lend
In brightening my motherland?
What was it caused your journey here—
An Autumn breeze or careless hand?

Or did some one, in thoughtful mood,
Lay you in here amongst these goods,
That we who live in Canada
Might have a leaf from England's woods?

And can it be that on that isle,
Where royalty and strength are found,
Now lie your kindred and your kind,
Withered and dead upon the ground?

Then shall I cast you to the wind,
Not caring that we now should part?
Ah, no, for should I part with you
I'd feel it, somehow, to the heart.

But I will keep you from all harm,
And when your wither'd form I see
I'll think of my dear motherland,
The home of light and liberty.

AT THE PASSING OF THE RIVER ICE

In fancy I stand where Death's flowing tide,
Alone, lies 'twixt me and the other side
And I know not how deep 'tis, or wide.

But the covering moves, and I know full well
I must see the depths that beneath it swell,
Of which none has returned to tell.

Then, no longer the weak'ning covering stays,
But the beaten paths and the well marked ways
Pass broken before my gaze.

And I know I must cross its long hidden tide,
And I anxiously look all along its side
For the boatman who all things defied.

I remember then the calm of farewell hands,
Not hidden by e'en intervening lands,
And how kindly was smoothed out the broken bands,
And I know where this boatman lands.

THE FOOT OF THE HILL IS HIDDEN IN MIST

The foot of the hill is hidden in mist,
The traveller, peering with anxious gaze,
Though seeking the summit with sunlight kissed,
Must wend his way through the gloom and haze.

Thus, they who would climb to life's higher heights
Must travel at first the mist-hid trail;
Ere gaining the summits all bathed in light
Must cope with the shadows that hang in the vale.

THE OLD WORLD ISN'T TOO BAD AFTER ALL

The old world isn't too bad after all,
It's a large, all 'round and many sided ball,
It has good as well as badness,
It has joy as well as sadness,
It has peace as well as madness,
So the old world isn't too bad after all.

The old world isn't too bad after all,
It will lift a life as well as let it fall,
For when one will keep on pressing
Through the pleasant and distressing,
Then, old Fate is busy, guessing,
For the old world isn't too bad after all.

The old world isn't too bad after all,
It will give a glass of sweets with one of gall,
Though we magnify the briers,
And we multiply the liars,
We admit, with our sires,
That the old world isn't too bad after all.

The old world isn't too bad after all,
For when death has sounded forth to us its call,
Though, perchance, the folks ill-used us,
Though they slandered and abused us,
At the bier no good's refused us,
So the old world isn't too bad after all.

BEAUTIFUL TWILIGHT

The day is o'er, fast fall the shades of night,
The sun is gone far from our sight away,
Though through the day clouds often hid its light,
The clouds are beauteous with its faint ray.

Ah, thus, when down behind life's western line
Our lives have gone, though clouded oft our day,
How sweet 'twould be if, to the world behind,
Some cloud was brighter by a ling'ring ray.

LEAD ME IN THE WAY DIVINE

Lead me in the way divine,
Jesus precious Savior,
May my feet ne'er from it stray,
Knowing but thy favour;
O'er the pathway thou hast marked
May the light of heaven shine,
Be thy service my delight,
Lead me in the way divine.

Lead me in the way divine,
Clouds around me hover,
But my heart need never fear
While beneath thy cover;

Near Thee I would ever be,
Thou my grand and worthy shrine;
Guide me by thy mighty hand,
Lead me in the way divine.

AUTUMN

The lovely summer days are o'er,
The Autumn breezes sigh,
The flow'rs, that bloomed so bright before,
Around us wither'd lie;
We miss the song-birds cheering lay—
Heard in a fairer clime,
The dead leaves falling o'er our way
Are signs of Autumn time.

And Life's glad summer soon is past,
And Autumn breezes sweep,
And joys and hopes of fairest cast
Lie wither'd at our feet;
And many cheering songs were brief—
Saved for a fairer clime;
We mark with pain the faded leaf
In Life's sad Autumn time.

And yet, Fall's chilling, blighting breath
But marks a grander reign,
For, lo! from out the Autumn death
There comes the harvest gain:

And in Life's Autumn, though we mind
The plough and pruning knife,
Within its very death we find
The deeper things of Life.

CHRISTMAS

In Bethlehem an infant lay,
His cradle was a manger,
And only was a bed of hay
Found for the little stranger.
Yet shepherds following a star
Found there the Saviour child,
And kings and rulers, though afar,
Were filled with envy wild.

And many gifts from distant lands
Were freely cast before Him,
And angels grouped in joyous bands,
Rejoiced and hovered o'er Him.
They sang of peace for earthly strife,
And prophets there could see
The coming of the greatest life,
The scene on Calvary.

O'er eighteen centuries have passed
Since that first Christmas morning,
And yet to-day the earth has massed
Its treasures and adorning.

And millions sing as they of yore,
The world rings with the tone,
And hearts are thrilled to hear once more
Of manger, cross and throne.

THE WRECK OF THE 'TITANIC'

O'er the distant ocean's moaning,
As if from a dark cloud roaming,
Comes the message almost groaning
Through the darkness of the night,
From a scene of death and panic,
From the giant ship 'Titanic',
Monarch of the grim Atlantic,
Like a deadly ball of lead—
"We are sinking by the head."

Quick as is the light'ning's flashing,
Into space the news is dashing
Over land and main, and crashing
Into homes and hearts of men;
While the hands that have the power
Grasp each moment of the hour,
And, though dark forboding lower,
They must seek the scene of death,
With a prayer on every breath.

In that hour's sad emotion,
'Mid its trouble and commotion,
Help is speeding o'er the ocean.
For two thousand souls at stake
Fires fearing into daring,
Fires pity into sharing,
Fires human love to bearing;—
O'er two thousand souls at stake
With destruction in their wake!

Rich and poor of one grief drinking,
Honored and unknown are sinking,
Great and lowly both are shrinking
From the dark and chilly wave.
Death, the leveller, has shattered
Human mightiness, and scattered,
For to him it little mattered,—
Rich or poor, or weak or brave,
They must meet a common grave.

On the deck of the ill-fated,
Love and parting — so ill-mated,
Grief, that ne'er can be related,
As the rescued bear away;
Wealth and fame and honor cherished,
Grandest hopes that years had nourished
Sink beneath the wave, and perish!
Sixteen hundred souls and more
Enter now death's open door.

In that moment of sad parting,
'Mid the anguish and the smarting,
Hark! the sound of music starting,

Breaking forth a sacred strain:
Who will say that they 'in hearing,
Did not see doubt's shadows clearing—
Did not know that they were nearing
Stern realities of God—
So oft missed while hopes applaud?

Sounds more dread than mighty thunder—
Then the greatest ship goes under—
Is it little worth or wonder
That man questions fellow-man,
Why this competition burning?
Why this mad impassioned yearning,
Why from care and caution turning
For a little pelf or gloss,
While a world meets grief and loss?

Now the waves roll onward, keeping
Constant vigil o'er the sleeping,
They have hushed the sound of weeping,
They have covered o'er the dead,
But they cannot hide the sorrow
That shall live for many a morrow,
Nor they cannot smooth the furrow,
Nor they cannot quell the pain
Of the souls that weep in vain.

WHERE ?

Oh, where—where ends the little stream
That rushes on so restlessly ?
Through distant fields I see it gleam,
Yet still its end is hid from me :
But this I know, that far ahead,
Through many a field, past many a tree,
It leaves its narrow stony bed
And mingles with the deep blue sea:

Oh, where—where ends this little life
That stretches far through many days ?
Through fields of mingled peace and strife
I see it bend beyond my gaze :
But this I know, that farther on
It leaves its bed of Time, and free
It empties in the great Beyond
And mingles with Eternity.

THE BROOK

I'm list'ning to the little brook
While its onward going,
Happy thoughts and pleasant dreams
Just as freely flowing ;

Fades the daylight from its splendour
To the evening gray and tender,
While the little brook does render
Music to my list'ning heart.

The Evening shades are falling fast,
Night is quickly coming,
Still the brook its song of joy
Is so sweetly humming,
And the moon its light is streaming,
And the stars are brightly gleaming,
While my heart keeps fondly dreaming
To the music of the brook.

THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS IN SPLENDOUR

The mountain peaks in splendour—though they catch the
morn's first ray,
Though they catch the noon-day's fulness, and the very
heavens kiss,
Touched with all the glow and beauty of the golden close
of day—
Still are swept by storms and tempests that the lowlands
ever miss.

And high souls up-reaching ever, catch the sweet tints of
Life's dawn—
Catch the power of its noon-day, and its eventide's sweet
glow,
But they ever must live nearer to the dark'ning cloud down-
drawn,
And high hearts are swept by tempests that the baser ne'er
can know.

LIFE HAS ITS NIGHT AS WELL AS ITS DAY

Life has its night as well as its day ;
It matters not how full a life is of brightness,
An evening will follow the most pleasant ray,
The heart's merry lightness,
Its joy and its blitheness
Will surely at times fade to evenings of gray,
For life has its night as well as its day.

Life has its day as well as its night ;
No matter how heavy the hours of sorrow
The dark will give place to the breaking of light,—
There must come a morrow ;
A new day will borrow
From out of the heavens a glow of delight,
For life has its day as well as its night.

Life has its night as well as its day,
There ne'er was a heart that knew not of some grieving,
Oh, be not then like the dear children at play,
Who, Fancy deceiving,
Are ever believing
That life is a play-time—it should all be gay:
List! Life has its night and also its day.

APART

The river may flow 'tween the mountains high,
And the gulf 'twixt their lofty summits be wide,
But they ever look up to the self-same sky,
And are strongly knit far below the tide.

The north lands are touched by few alien hands,
And the north men are seldom 'neath southern skies
But the heart of the compass in southern lands
Will turn where the northern magnet lies.

The sun in the sky and the small bloom that smiles
Are deemed unspeakably far apart,
Yet the sun's gentle ray over millions of miles,
Awakens new life in the small flower's heart.

Oftimes 'mid Life's turmoil and din and strife,
For that Haven of Peace our enstranged hearts would
pine,—
And 'tis peopled by those from our home—from our life,
~~Jaded~~
and here'er a far, strange clime.

At times, when with Nature and God I converse,
And travel in realms of the mind and heart,
I wonder if things in this universe
Are anywhere, ever apart.

THE STAR OF OUR HOPE

Oh, shine on our path thou sweet star of our hoping
For fain we would follow thy sweet, cheering ray;
O'er desert, through woodland, 'mid night shadows
groping,
Up dangerous steeps, where each further side sloping,
But lends a new ease to our star-guided way.
Oh, lead us, lead on to our new king, we pray!

Oh, shine on our path above weeping and sorrow,
Above the loud warfare and struggle of men,
Oh, shine on our path to bespeak a new morrow,
And may we from out of thy rays ever borrow
The light that shall conquer the world's strife and
din,—
Good tidings of joy, and peace among men.

RISING, THOUGH HIDDEN

The moon is far hidden behind a cloud,
And our world for a time in darkness lies,
But when it shall gleam out above the cloud,
'Twill be higher in the skies.

Have courage my soul, though to-night it seems
God's love is far hid from thine eager eyes,
When again thou shalt catch its cheering beams
'Twill be higher in the skies.

BUILD NOT TOO MUCH
ON HOPE

Build not too much on hope, my friend,
The future is not in our hands,
And He who sees our pathway's trend
May choose much different from our plans;
Still let thy hopes be true, sublime,
But tempered by the will divine.

Build not too much on wealth, for gold
Is earthly, and to earth confined ;
When thou art seeking for thy good,
Seek too the wealth of soul and mind ;
If gain is thine, as willed above,
Mix thou thy gold with wealth of love.

Build not too much on fame, my friend,
For fame is oft a transient ray,
And worth alone will stand the test,
When fame would pass and fade away ;
Be this thy pride, if on the earth,
Thy name is linked with truth and worth.

And live thy best, on-pressing still,
Though what seems best may be denied,
Nor puffed, nor daunted by results,
Let thy endeavours be thy pride ;
And seek much, strive, submissive still,
With hope for good, and strength for ill.

THE END.





